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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have permitted communications to accumulate on hand, partially for want of time to give them the necessary examination. We shall now sweep the table. We must return thanks, however, for the good wish implied in sending the contribution, a kindness we should make a poor return for in some cases, by publishing the articles sent.

"The World's Teachings" we decline regretfully, for there is much that is good in it, but the faults, though perhaps few, are fatal. Careless versification might not sink a great poet—it surely will any other. "A Paraphrase from the Stone Mason of St. Point" has hardly originality enough to make it valuable for the CRAYON. "She goeth unto the Grave to Weep there," is better fitting to a professedly religious paper than to ours. S. H. D. Bellasylla.—The drawings are not at all in our line. The Dramas, &c., proposed, are too ambitious for our humble line. "A Morning in June" has much accurate noting of phenomena, &c., but descriptive poetry, if it have no point beyond description, is little worth, and must be recommended by extraordinary powers of versification to be interesting. Catalogues raisonnés of the out-door world are not much better for being versified. "The Wild Columbine" is a pretty conceit, but lacks study and polish. The same may be said of "Herbst Zeit." "Sympathy" is respectfully declined—there is nothing in it which would be new to any large number of our readers. An "Ode to Art!" would carry us out of our climate—it is too lofty.

We have received sundry translations, good in their way—but we do not care for that class of contributions, unless they are particularly pertinent to Art in some form; and we have so many original poems which are more valuable to us, and which even we may be obliged to decline for want of room, that we must by rule decline translations which have not a decided artistic relevancy.

If it is, in any case, desired that we should return rejected communications, it must be so stated when they are sent. We have, also, received communications which we are desired to put into fit shape for publication; but we have no time to re-write articles, unless they are of greater value than any such we have yet received.

Other communications have been received, and will be published in due time.

Sketchings.

We give below an extract from a letter, one of many we have received from our friends, expressions of their sympathy and good wishes. Most of them have been too complimentary for insertion, and we only publish this because we have a word to say to our well-wishers.

It is exceedingly pleasant to find that our efforts in THE CRAYON are not fruitless—for these expressions of feeling, therefore, we return our hearty thanks, but there is a method of showing approbation more decided and beneficial than letters of congratulation. The circulation of a periodical is the basis of its existence, and in proportion to the magnitude of its circulation are its means for accomplishing the purposes proposed for it, and the most satisfactory manner in which our friends can show their approbation of the course THE CRAYON has taken, is by exerting themselves to obtain subscribers. Your sympathy is very pleasant—your approval gratifying, but neither will give us the means of supporting our undertaking, and it will be poor satisfaction that we should have found

such appreciative readers if our means for carrying out our objects are not thereby extended. If you like THE CRAYON, strengthen it, be its friends in deed—not in feeling only. There is a great deal which we have promised ourselves to do when we have the means, and which we cannot do before.

We labor under peculiar disadvantages in extending our circulation, not only from the limitation of the number of those who would be likely to be interested in the objects we have in view, but also from those few being so scattered over the country, so few in any one locality, that it is practically impossible to reach them. We have no canvassers, nor can they do our work; but almost every subscriber knows of some one or more who might be induced to subscribe. One earnest friend has, in this way, secured, by his personal exertions, nearly thirty names—and a very few others have done nearly as well.

We ask nothing of this as a favor to ourselves, for there is no reader of THE CRAYON who is not, equally with ourselves, interested in its improvement and stability; but we address those who have expressed sentiments like those in our correspondent's letter, and who are bound by their own admissions to labor with us in a good cause. We have not the slightest anxiety as to the success of the paper, so far as an existence can be called success; nor have we a fear as to that higher success which consists in accomplishing the good we aim at: but, recollect this—the field of good is unlimited, and the greater the power which you give us, the more we shall do for all interested—and our good is in no wise divided from the universal good.

WALTHAM, April 16, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have read with interest, delight, and comfort, the fifteen numbers of THE CRAYON; I cannot but think it a marvellous thing that in a city like New York, in this day of superficial, gaudy Art and literature, you should have been led to put forth so high-minded and pure-toned a work; that, amidst the numerous temptations to the contrary, you should have had independence enough to believe that what is beautiful is the form of what is good, and to say it fearlessly.

I thank you for the hope it has given me, that artists and lovers of Art are more high-minded than I had believed them to be.

In times past, when younger and more enthusiastic, I have been often saddened and dispirited in observing how little idea artists with whom I have come in contact, seemed to have of Art as a sacred thing, high above the reach of all pecuniary and selfish considerations, of how little they acted like disciples of that which no one ever became perfect in; and how much they regarded the practice of Art as a means of the lowest ends—and with what wantonness they trampled its high requirements under foot.

Finding no sympathy in the views of Art that I have indulged, I have cherished the poor strangers in the privacy of home, and they have thus, if possible, become more dear to me.

As to the future of Art, I have never doubted; had every professor of it been an Infidel, it would not have altered, in the least degree, my firm belief that it came down from Heaven and led to Heaven—that it is one of our Father's angelic messengers sent down upon earth to refine and to bless His children.

The work in which you are engaged I regard as of vital importance to the development of Art and of humanity. The public mind needs information as to what is admirable, and artists need instruction as to what should be their aim.

I regard it as a kind Providence, that you should have been led to such a task; I wish you all success: neither do I doubt, that long after my sojourn in the natural world is over, the CRAYON, or its representative, will be the medium of good to our country.

It is my belief that nowhere else but in America can Art arise with healing in its wings. In England, Art is sensual, and its highest flights reach no further than morality. In France it is scientific, and its noblest efforts are but the triumphs of profound knowledge and skill. In Italy it is superannuated, and its greatest beauties are only the spasmodic efforts of a worn-out constitution. The Germans, at the present time, I think, stand immeasurably above all others in the development of Art, but still I must regard their works as characterized by transcendentalism, not true spirituality.

Now, I believe that an Art is to arise here among us (how many ages hence I know not), which shall combine harmoniously heaven and earth—the most elevated feeling with the greatest truth.

I believe the time will come when *High-Art* shall not be considered as consisting of an array of stately figures, but as that treatment of a subject, even of the lowliest object of Nature, which shall proceed from the acknowledgment of one's being the humble instrument of *developing the humanity* which is its soul, and from the earnest desire of doing it truly and for the good of others.

Anything within my poor power to help on the CRAYON, I beg that you will command.

With sentiments of esteem,

I am, truly yours,

J. A.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, April 24, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—I have seen no allusion in your columns to a water-color drawing by John Ruskin, which hangs in the dark room of the Academy Gallery, and which attracts the wondering attention of many people, who doubtless think, and justly, that if the great Mr. Ruskin is willing to exhibit such a work as that, or would allow it to leave his hands, he had better stop throwing stones at other people's glass houses. Heralded as it was in the newspapers, multiplied in two instances into "three pictures by the great Ruskin," which were to be among the treasures of the Exhibition, and displayed as it is with a lavish garniture of autograph, it is somewhat of a disappointment; indeed, with the exception of some half-feeble, half-skillful drawing in the convent, the whole work is far below mediocrity. We all know what Mr. Ruskin would have said of it, if it had the signature of any other notability.

It is likely, and indeed I hear a story whispered to that effect, that it was obtained in some roundabout way from the dust bin or the waste-paper basket of Mr. Ruskin, and is exhibited, as it was obtained, without his knowledge or consent. Judging only from the character of the work itself, I should have felt certain that Mr. Ruskin would never have allowed such a performance to leave his hands, much less to be exhibited in public, and that, too, in a strange country: but the following extract from the preface to the letter-press accompanying the folio plates to the "Stones of Venice," is positive evidence as to his feeling on the subject of his own performances in painting. I may add that the architectural drawings contained in these folio plates is so masterly, as to make the misrepresentation of the man's genius, by the drawing in the Academy, a grievous vice of in

justice. Here is the extract—"Had I supposed myself to possess the power of becoming a painter, I should have devoted every available hour of my life to its cultivation, and never have written a line. But, the power of drawing, with useful accuracy, objects which will remain quiet to be drawn, is within every one's reach who will pay the price of care, time, and exertion. This price I have paid; and I trust, therefore, that the drawings which either now, or at any future period, I may lay before the public, will not be found deficient in such ordinary draughtsmanship as may be necessary to the fulfillment of their purposes; while, on the other hand, they will never lay claim to any higher merit than that of faithful studies."

Trusting, sirs, that these few words in defence of a great man, may not be superfluous

I remain, yours respectfully,

Messrs. Stillman and Durand,
Editors of THE CRAYON.

WE are of the opinion that Mr. Ruskin would have been very much pained by the knowledge that the drawing in question was to be exhibited. It is not a water-color drawing in any right sense of the word, but a tinted sketch, made probably in half an hour, for the sake of showing the position of the building and the nature of the rock around—nothing more. It is, in fact, only a memorandum, and possesses no more personal interest than the autograph pasted at the bottom of it. We presume, however, that no one would do Mr. Ruskin the injustice to judge of him as a draughtsman by it.—Eds. Crayon.

WE give some extracts of letters recently received from Mr. Ruskin. The tribute so beautifully rendered to America will, we doubt not, delight his American admirers—and they are not few. We believe it to be true that Mr. Ruskin's books have found a warmer greeting from the American public than from the English, owing to the greater freedom from prejudice in matters of Art, and a fuller sympathy with his enthusiasm and his earnestness of spirit. His ideas have here found a virgin soil in which to germinate—a national mind on which Nature had a strong hold, and which was as yet ignorant in the main of the marvels of Art, or of the distinctions between artists and schools. We believe it will be scarcely possible that any Art should arise here of which Ruskin and his ideas should not be a large component.

With regard to his generous proffer to reply through THE CRAYON to any questions that may be asked him on Art subjects, we would only say, that all such interrogatories sent to us will be forwarded to him, if they shall seem of sufficient importance to justify the demand on his time and attention.—EDS. CRAYON

DENMARK HILL, Camberwell, March 28, 1855.

DEAR MR. STILLMAN:—I have put off answering your letter because I wished to do so at some length. I cannot do this after all the delay, and must just say a few words. I am very busy here in England, and cannot at present separate any time from my busy days, in order to write regular papers for THE CRAYON. And this the less, because with every desire to be of the best use I could to the cause of Art in America, I should feel it utterly presumptuous to speak to Americans in the way of advice—as Americans—unless I had time for a most earnest inquiry into the condition of Art among

them, and into the tendencies of their national mind. Even had I such time at my disposal, I doubt if I should do well in so employing it. I have often been both amused and irritated at the way in which even the best informed French and Germans speak of our English Art, and I have no doubt that they equally feel my ignorance in what I say of theirs. So that except so far as it bears upon my own country, I do not mean to write about foreign Art. And as for papers on general subjects, all that I have to say I put into my books. But, it occurs to me that I might be of use by simply answering such questions as any of your American readers might like definitely to put to me, and to have definitely answered by me, as far as might be in my power. And this I should be most willing to do. If any of your readers wish to know anything that I can shortly tell them, and you will put the questions in a clear, short way, I will answer, as soon as may be, according to my ability. I often get letters from private persons which I have thus to answer, and the correspondence would be just as easy to me in the public form, and might be more useful.

If this plan seems at all worth thinking of, you must think of it for me, and put it before your readers in the way you think best, always understanding that I could not reply at much length, and would always do so in a very simple way—as I should write a letter—not as I write what I want to say as well as I can say it, for that is very painfully.

* * * * *

I have much to thank America for—heartier appreciation and a better understanding of what I am and mean, than I have ever met in England. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than the thought of being of use to an American; and, if I can, in any way, oblige any of your friends who are interested in Art, I beg that you will call upon me."

* * * * *

Believe me, in haste, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

WE understand that Professor Scherb, late of Boston, intends to deliver a course of lectures in New York, on Dante and Goethe, themes of the highest interest to the thinking portion of our public, and which the most of us want some intelligent and appreciative instruction on. We shall follow the lectures of the course, *con amore*, and furnish such reports of them as we may; at the same time bespeaking public attention for them as likely to a most profitable series.

LINE STONE ENGRAVING.—Among the different styles of engraving employed for Art, as well as for industrial purposes, that of engraving on stone possesses many advantages. It is quickly executed, not expensive, and sufficiently effective for every design to which the material is adapted. Line Stone Engraving is a compromise between steel or copper engraving and lithography; the lines are cut on stone with both steel and diamond points, and can be transferred to other stones and multiplied *ad infinitum*; these transfers are fixed and printed the same as in Lithography. It does not compete with line engraving on steel or copper, because stone is so soft that an engraving upon it requiring the same time and skill loses its sharpness in the transfers which are made from it, consisting of paper impressions taken from the original stone, consequently where artistic detail is important, the metals must be used instead of stone. It is well adapted to subjects in outline or mezzo-marqui where the full expression of light and shade is not required, and it is particularly serviceable for commercial purposes, such as bills of exchange, coupon bonds, maps and the

like, engraved for temporary purposes; it has come into general use among stationers. We have seen specimens of ruling done on stone, consisting of medallion and scroll work, which are remarkably fine, being true, delicate, and highly ornamental. Being a somewhat new adaptation of skill and ingenuity to increase both Art and industrial facilities, Line Engraving on stone is a noteworthy description of Engraving.

ONE more beautiful spot desecrated—one breathing space less in the midst of our dusty thoroughfares! The beautiful grounds of Columbia College—the domain of learning and repose—is invaded by the genius of trade, and is now become one more among the pleasant spots that "were" the ornaments of our city. The College green has gone to keep company with the Battery—a wreck upon its own beach—and will soon be followed by the Park, whose claim to our regard consists in its vacant space, if nothing more, and which the new City Hall, we suppose, will soon fill up. We have been trudging past the noble trees and green surface of the College grounds for many years; its grassy bank on College Place has often reminded us of the green fields in the country, and the trees which shade the building, of eminent scholars and poets who loved shaded walks, and whose better inspiration was drawn from association with trees and the like natural objects. We regarded with sorrow the erection of Mr. Stevens' beautiful house, also the buildings afterwards put up on Murray street, and we then felt the approach of the angel of destruction. Many trees, both large and small, will soon be hewed down—one noble trunk lies prostrate as we write, and we can almost hear the sound of the axe at the roots of the rest. We suppose it is useless to groan over what we cannot help; if these trees must be removed to make way for trade facilities in the shape of new streets and stores, plant others somewhere else—give us at least one green spot in the shape of a large Park, of sufficient magnitude to excite a love for it among the people and secure its existence.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead—

Who'll read the books that I have read?
Books that I loved because they touched my soul:
Who'll love them? Say, what heart will thrill
At their wild rhyme? Will star-eyed Midnight find
Eyes reading still,
When I am dead?

When I am dead—

Will sunset with its waves of red—
A sea of crimson breaking the leaves!—
Call up my form to her, sweet one,
Whose holy life hath, like a thread of gold,
Ran thro' my own,
When I am dead?

When I am dead—

Let there not be around my head
The marble mockeries ye give to knaves. . . .
No wasting of your time and gold:
But something simple: write upon a slab,
"Poor Tom's a-cold!"
When I am dead.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

CROSEY has nearly completed an attractive picture, being a view of Greenwood Lake; he has also upon his easel a composition illustrating the 23d Psalm, called "The Good Shepherd."

DURAND has just finished a large landscape composition, embracing some of the characteristics of our lake scenery.

We learn from the *National Intelligencer* that a large number of the subscribers to the Henry Clay monument, which it is proposed to erect in Lexington, Kentucky, met in that city on the 12th ult., and out of about one hundred competitors for the best design, they decided in favor of Mr. Hamilton, of Cincinnati.

LANG has in his studio two pleasing female heads, representing Greek female character of the present day, intended as pendants for two pictures of the same size representing Greek female character of ancient days. Mr. Lang is engaged upon a full-length portrait of a boy, which is original in design, and very suggestive of the spirited character of the subject.

THE "April Shower," by G. H. Hall, is on exhibition at the store of F. Parker & Co., Boston. We believe it is to be engraved.

In the same place is a winter view of Mount Washington, by Champney, which attracts much attention. The artist is engaged upon a companion-picture, giving a view of the same scene in summer.

We clip from the *Evening Post* the following Art items:—

W. T. Mathews, sometimes called the Buckeye painter, whose studio is in the Appleton buildings, has lately produced some very clever female portraits. The expression is natural and unaffected, and the coloring agreeable and harmonious. The artist has succeeded, it seems to us, exceedingly well in rendering the grey tints which in Nature form the shadows on the face and the hands, and has succeeded in avoiding muddiness on the one hand and a leaden hue on the other. Mr. Mathews has also commenced a portrait of Mr. John Van Buren, which promises to be both a faithful and an agreeable likeness. Mr. Mathews's studio is open to visitors on Saturdays. Some of the portraits to which we have referred will be on exhibition for a few days at Williams & Stevens's well-known rooms in Broadway.

LETTERS from Florence state that the full-length marble statue of the late Judge Story, intended for Mount Auburn, has been shipped to this country. It is the work of William W. Story, son of the deceased, specimens of whose heads in marble are familiar to our artists and amateurs. The present statue is the size of life, and has occupied about two years in its completion.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

We learn from a gentleman who has recently visited the studio of Professor Rauch, in Berlin, that this venerable sculptor, now seventy-eight years old, is constantly engaged upon new works of Art. From early morning until dark, he may daily be seen in his rooms, moulding dead clay, or carving rough marble into forms of life and beauty. In native genius and varied achievements, as well as in advanced age and prolonged activity, Professor Rauch deserves to be ranked with three other distinguished scholars of Berlin—Humboldt, Ritter, and Grimm, who, late in life, preserve the full maturity of their powers, and labor still with that unceasing diligence which is usually confined to men of younger years.

Professor Rauch sends several contributions to the approaching exhibition in Paris. Among them will be a large model, finely executed in plaster, of what is, undoubtedly, his greatest work, the monument of Frederic the Great, erected in 1851, under the Lindens, in Berlin. It may be interesting to remark, in this connection, that in the atelier of the Professor, may still be seen the various models for a monument to that illustrious sovereign, which he made,

before arriving at the conception of the present finished statue. Each step was one of progress from the simple figure of the monarch standing upon a pillar, copied from that of Trajan, like the monument of the Great Napoleon, in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, to the equestrian statue finally adopted, based upon a pedestal of original design, adorned with scenes, in relief, from Frederic's life, and with incidental commemorations of the distinguished men who flourished in his reign.

Among other things to be sent to Paris by Professor Rauch, will be a fine bust of the late King of Prussia, Frederic William III., and also one of the celebrated Philosopher Schleiermacher.

Professor Rauch is now engaged on a statue of Moses, who is earnestly engaged in supplication, while his outstretched arms are supported by his friends, Aaron and Hur.

It is designed for the Friedens Kirche at Potsdam, which the present King of Prussia, a distinguished lover of the Fine Arts, is causing to be most beautifully embellished with scriptural statuary.

AMONG other items of Art from Berlin, we learn that Professor Wolff has nearly completed his model of a warrior striving with a lion, to be cast in bronze, and placed in front of the old Museum at Berlin, opposite to the Amazon of Professor Kiss, which attracted so much attention in the exhibitions at London and New York.

THE students of the *Gewerbe Institut*, a sort of royal polytechnic school, have also completed an elaborate full length figure, in ornamented bronze, of the last King of Prussia, which will likewise be sent to the Paris Exposition. The last statue for the warlike groups which adorn the bridge before the Royal Castle, at Berlin, is also completed, and will soon be placed upon the empty pedestal.

THE arrangement of the New Museum, at Berlin is rapidly progressing. Three of Kaulbach's great wall paintings are already completed, and the fourth will receive the finishing strokes of the artist, upon his return, during the present spring, from Munich. The cartoons of the wonderful cornice, which is full of his peculiar genius, and which is a sort of running commentary upon the greater pictures below, are to be sent, it is said, to the Paris Exhibition. Professor Kiss is already in that city, superintending the arrangement of some of his own recent works, including a spirited statue of St. George and the Dragon.

WITH all these contributions, Prussia will hold a distinguished place in the department of Fine Arts. We regret to learn that America, in works of both the fine and useful arts, is likely to be very poorly represented.—*Norton's Literary Gazette*.

KAULBACH'S SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.—The celebrated German artist, William von Kaulbach, whose frescoes in the Royal Museum of Berlin, and in that of Munich are widely renowned, and whose illustrated publications, particularly of the *Reineke Fuchs*, are well-known in this country, is about to acquire still greater fame by his illustrations of the works of Shakspeare.

A correspondent in Berlin informs us of the great delight he has recently had in seeing two of the plates which are now almost ready for publication. The scenes of both are taken from Macbeth. One represents the first appearance of the Witches to Macbeth and Banquo (Act I. Scene 3). At the left of the picture are seen the two generals, in full armor, mounted upon noble horses, which start back from the awe-bringing sight of the witches. The three sable sisters appear at the right, not standing upon the ground, but floating above the runic

stone in a cloud of smoke and flame. Two of them are decrepit and hateful, but the third, who offers the crown to Macbeth, shows traces of former beauty, even in her demoniacal expression. The countenance of Macbeth displays the eagerness with which he would receive the crown which is extended to him, while Banquo stands filled with astonishment, and with eagerness to know whether the fates have also anything to make known to him. This plate, nineteen inches by thirteen, in size, has been engraved on copper, in the highest style of the Art, by Prof. Eichens, of Berlin. The second of the scenes now finished, represents Macbeth as arming himself for the last battle, just as the physician announces to him the death of Lady Macbeth. The terrible thoughts which are torturing his brain are pictured on the clouds above, where stand in awful array, the spirits of old King Duncan, of Banquo, and of Lady Macduff.

This plate is thirteen inches by seven-teen, and was engraved by Herr Hoffman, in Berlin.

A third engraving, not yet quite ready, represents the wandering of Lady Macbeth in her sleep. (Act V. Scene 1.)

Two other drawings, illustrative of the Tempest, are already in the hands of the engravers, and the cartoons of two other scenes, taken from King John, have been drawn by the artist.

It is probable that no artist has ever lived so well fitted for the illustration of Shakspeare as Kaulbach. The Germans have long been remarkable for what they have done in the study and elucidation of our great English poet; but one hazards little in predicting that the work we are now announcing will hold the foremost rank among all such productions. Retzsch's talent, high as it is, will appear common-place by the side of Kaulbach's genius, and Boydell's collection of plates, with all its excellencies, will hold a far subordinate rank.

The price of these prints will be six, five, and four thalers, and in regard to their publication further information may be obtained from the Nicolai'sche Buchhandlung, in Berlin.—*Norton's Literary Gazette*.

A HIGH-ART picture, by Van Lerius (D. Lirious the wits call him), an eminent artist of the Belgian school, is now on view in Pall Mall, and will repay a visit. The scene represents Adam asleep under the forbidden tree (or a fruit-tree typical of it) and Eve lying beside him, watching him with a beautiful Guido-like, upturned face of unapproachable sorrow and tenderness. Behind looms Satan, clutching up in his arms the serpent whose form he assumed for the nonce, and clawing the air with livid talons, as if already rending the pair in his loathsome and hateful grasp. His face is, perhaps, the least powerful part of the picture, in spite of his red eye-balls; and the artist has evidently more sympathy with Greek loveliness than Gothic vigor and expression. His vampire wings are unnaturally heavy and awkwardly composed. In the background fire is breaking from the clouds, and the first storm devastates the trembling earth. The painting, as to touch, is thin and timid, and of the Scheffer character;—the flesh, as far as we could discern by the artificial light, brown and colorless, but with much want of power and *impasto*. There is still great beauty and much talent in a picture which aims at the highest aspirations of human and Christian Art.—*Athenæum*.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society of Jerusalem, Mr. Finn, the English Consul of Jerusalem, remarked that the old masters were correct in the blue and red dresses that they always gave to the Bethlehem peasantry, and which were still to be seen daily in the suburbs of the Holy City.—*Athenæum*.